

The History of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute :)
To morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meete your father and the Scottish power,
As is appoynted us, at *Shrewsbury* :
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these fourteene daies,
Within that space, you may have drawne together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Me thinkes my moity *North* from *Burton* heere,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous scantle out :
I'll have the currant in this place dam'd up,
And here the smag and silver *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and evenly,
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
up, with like advantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North-side, win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. I'll not have it altered.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen.

Henry the Fourth.

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speake it in *welsh*.

Glen. I can speake *English*, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the *English* Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the Harpe
Many an *English* dittie, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament :
A vertue that was never scene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart:

I had rather bee a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same meter ballet-mongers :
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,
Or a dry wheele grate on the axeltree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry :
T'is like the forc't gate of a shuffing nag.

Glen. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I doe not care, Ile give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend :
But in the way of bargaine, marke yee mee,
Ile cavil on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the indentures drawne? shall wee be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night ;
Ile haste the writer, and withall
Breake with your wives, of your departure hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much shee doteth on her *Mortimer*,

Exit.

Mor. Fie cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my father!

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometimes hee angers mee,
With telling mee of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies :
And of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts mee from my faith. I tell you what,
Hee held mee last night, at least nine houres,
In reckoning up the severall divels names,

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That